

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 22, 1829.

NO. 9.

FOR THE ARIEL. THE RUIN.

See ye that heap of ruins, at the foot
Of yonder beetling cliff, deck'd o'er with lichen,
And humble flowers, and hardy mountain shrubs?
Years, years ago, 'tis said, on that lone spot
There stood a cottage; and above its roof
The willow and the elm did join their foliage
To screen it from the sun, and the wild vine
Half hid it with its dark and glossy leaves—
'Twas a wild spot, and like its dweller.

He was
A strange, lone man, stern, and yet sometimes kind;
One who had seen the world, its vanities,
And mockeries of happiness. He had borne
Misfortune's heaviest strokes—the loss of kin,
And friends, and health, and fortune; every thing
That makes life pleasant, even hope, had left him—
The dying man's companion.

Then his eye
Gleam'd with a fearful light, and his pale cheek
Paler became, and ghastlier, till at fourscore
He left his ancient home to dwell alone.
All of his friends, I said, had died—yet one
Still linger'd, aged as himself. They seem'd
Like fellow-travellers in a strange far land,
Where all was new and wondrous; for around
Another race had risen, and they clung
Far closer than they were alone.

'Twas strange,
And many thought him craz'd, and some a murder-er.
A few deem'd him scarce human, for this tale
Was told but on his death-bed. All fear'd him,
And wonder'd that he shunn'd, nay, almost hated them.
For he had moods when he would rush away
From man, to some lone place, and weep, and clasp
His hands, and look to Heaven, and weep again;
Then would his brow be calm as Ocean's, when
The storm hath spent its fury.

Thus he lived,
Till o'er his head a century had pass'd,
Marking each revolution on his cheek
In wrinkles deeper, wider. And his friend—
His one, sole friend—had sunk into the grave,
And left him lonelier! Still he wept not, spoke not,
But look'd upon his corse, as if his gaze
Could ne'er be sated. 'Twas the last link, binding
His thoughts to this world; and his eye grew hollow,
His step less firm—such was the grief that gnaw'd him.
And yet his mind waned not, was not impair'd
By time, or care, or sorrow.

Still he lived—
And summer came, and went—and came again,
Until another score had vanish'd, changing,
Yet bringing nought of change to him, save that
His form grew thinner, less erect, until
It almost lost the semblance of humanity;
'Twas fearful to gaze on him, for it seem'd
The merest blast could crush him; but his mind
Had a strange strength, as if it were a curse
Still that he could not die—still could not lose
Remembrance of the past.

And oft at sun-set,
Till his last beams had faded, he would gaze,
Then weep—"Ah! that I thus could sink to rest,
'Thus gloriously to rise! 'Twere happiness!
'But it is hard to linger where I would not—
'To stay, when all have left me!"

Once again
Spring came, and strew'd around the old man's cot
Sweet early flowers; and its warm breath crept
Through his thin locks, and o'er his bosom, lighting
A transient glow of pleasure, and awaking
Memory half-slumbering. Summer then was here;
And as it pass'd away, the flowers faded,
And droop'd their heads, and died: thus too he wasted.
Next, Autumn follow'd—and when the northern blast
The lifeless, deep-dyed leaves shook from the branches,
They fell upon his tomb-stone, and the red-breast
Sung its farewell above his grave!

His dwelling
Year after year was tenantless—for tales
Were told of hideous sights, and wondrous sounds,
That chill'd the heart's warm boundings—and the young,
E'en the stout-hearted, pass'd it quicker by
Than was their wont. Then the rude storm and tempest
Acted strange gambols with its loneliness—
And Time, with withering finger, touch'd its walls,
And left them thus!

SIGMA.

July 25, 1829.

SELECT TALES.

From the Berkshire American.

YANKEE CURIOSITY....SCENE, A TAVERN.

Host.—Good morning, Mister —, I don't recollect your name now.

Stranger.—It's of no consequence.

Host.—I'm pretty sure I've seen you somewhere.

Stranger.—Very likely you may, I've been there frequently.

Host.—I was sure 'twas so; but strange I should forget your name.

Stranger.—It is indeed somewhat strange that you should forget what you never knew.

Host.—It is onaccountable strange—it's what I'm not often in the habit of, I assure ye. I have for the most part a remarkable detentive memory. In the power of all the people that pass along this way, I've scarce ever made (as the doctors say) a *slapsus slinkum* of this kind afore.

Stranger.—Eh heh!

Host.—Travelling to the western country, I presume, Mister.

Stranger.—Presume anything you please sir; but don't trouble me with your presumptions.

Host.—O Lord! no sir—I won't do that—I've no ideer of that—not the least ideer in the world. I spose you've been to the westward afore now?

Stranger.—Well suppose I have —?

Host.—Why, on that supposition, I was going to say you must be pretty well—that is to say, you must know something about the western place.

Stranger.—Eh heh!

Host.—I take it you're a married man, Mister.

Stranger.—Take it as you will, that's no affair of mine.

Host.—Well, after all, a married life is the most happy way of living; don't you think so, Mister?

Stranger.—Very possible.

Host.—I conclude you have a family of children, Sir?

Stranger.—I don't know 'what reason you have to conclude so.

Host.—O, no reason in the world, Mister, not the least; but I thought I might just take the liberty to make the presumption, you know—that's all, sir. I take it, Mister, you're a man about my age?

Stranger.—Eh heh!

Host.—How old do you call yourself, if I may be so bold?

Stranger.—You're bold enough, the d—l knows.

Host.—No offence, I hope—I—I—I would'n't be thought uncivil by any means. I always calculate to treat every body with civility.

Stranger.—You have a strange way of showing it.

Host.—True, as you say. I ginnerally take my own way in these 'ere matters. Do you practice law, Mister, or farming, or mechanicals?

Stranger.—Perhaps so.

Host.—Ah, I judged so; I was pretty certain it must be the case. Well, its as good a business as any there is followed now-a-days.

Stranger.—Eh, heh!

Host.—I take it you've money at interest, Mister?

Stranger.—Would it be of any particular interest to you to find it out.

Host.—O, not at all, not the least in the world, Sir. I am not at all inquisitive about other people's matters; I minds my own business—that's my way.

Stranger.—And a very odd way you have of doing it too.

Host.—I've been thinking what persuasion you're of—whether you're a Congregationner or Baptiss, or whether you belong to the Methodisses?

Stranger.—Well, what's the conclusion?

Host.—Why, I've concluded I'm pretty near right in my conjectures. Well, after all I'm inclined to think they're the nearest right of any persuasion—though some folks think differently.

Stranger.—Eh, heh!

Host.—As to pollyticks, I take it you—that is to say, I suppose you—

Stranger.—Very likely.

Host.—Ah, I could have swore it was so, from the moment I saw you; I have a nack at finding out a man's sentiments. I dare say, Mister, you're a Justice in your own county?

Stranger.—And if I may return the compliment, I should say, you're a just-ass every where.

Host.—Why, yes, I'm in the commission of the Peace, to be sure—and an officer in the Militia—though between you and I, I would'n't wish to boast of it.

Stranger.—[Rising to go.]—Any more inquiries to make?

Host.—Why, no, nothing to speak on: When do you return, Mister?

Stranger.—About the time I come back. [Mounts his horse and gallops off.]

Host.—[Bawling after him.]—Well, I shall look for you then. I hope you won't fail to call.

The following is a summary account of the King of England's late Dress Dinner. What would our sturdy backwoodsmen think if our President should launch out in this style.

On the 27th of May, the King gave a grand dress dinner party, in the banqueting room at St. James's, each end of which was covered with draperies of crimson silk, divided into compartments, serving as a back ground to a large sideboard, which extended the whole length of the apartment. Its centre projection was surmounted by a gold fount, taken from the vessel of the admiral of the Spanish Armada; under this fount was a superb vase; the next pieces were the celebrated shield of Achilles; an Egyptian temple dedicated to the god Apis, with the sacred ox in the middle of the temple, and a superb piece of gold plate, the largest in Great Britain, with a star in the middle, encircled with the motto of the Garter; the stars of the Order, of which His Majesty is sovereign, engraved around it, and at the sides are those of twenty foreign orders, with which His Majesty has been invested by different sovereigns; in front of each of the side projections was a large candelabra, representing Mercury delivering Bacchus to the Nymphs, and the Dragon in the Garden of the Hesperides. There were also Golden Ewers for rose-water, in the form of deep shells, support-

ed by sea-horses, with a variety of marine subjects at the bottom. Two ancient Scotch flagons, together with artificial flowers, were tastefully arranged on different parts of the sideboard; and at the dinner table none but gold plate was used. On the table at which the king and party dined, the centre piece represented Neptune holding his trident, supported by sea monsters, resting on a platform, the corners of which were upheld by marine horses. There were also some large vases, decorated with a variety of allegorical subjects, and surrounded by tritons. A brilliant party of the nobility were present, together with Mr. Secretary Peel and his lady. After the dinner party, the King gave a ball to the juvenile branches of the nobility and gentry. The young Queen of Portugal was present, and was admired for the gracefulness of her dancing. The whole suite of apartments were thrown open. They were ventilated with Italian blinds, ornamented with the stars of the different orders of which the King is sovereign. The choicest plants and shrubs were tastefully disposed in different parts of the room, and the front of the orchestra was hung with crimson festoons. The King was habited in a blue field marshal's uniform, and wore the insignia of the Garter, and the principal Russian, French and Prussian orders. The King received the young Queen of Portugal at the head of the stairs, conversed with her some time, and conducted her into the ball-room. His Majesty remained a gratified spectator of the animated diversions, until two o'clock. [The foot of the young Queen, during one of the dances, slipped, and she fell and hurt her face.]

The Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Chartres are on a visit to the British Capital. On the 26th of May, a grand review took place in Hyde Park, in honor of those illustrious visitors. Lord Hill commanded the troops. The Dukes of Cumberland, Wellington, and the Marquis of Londonderry, placed themselves at the head of their respective regiments. His Grace the Duke of Wellington acted as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards. The troops reviewed amounted to 2000. The display was brilliant, and was attended by 20,000 spectators, including many ladies. During the review the Duke of Wellington was thrown from his horse.

The Duke of Orleans is very popular in England, and the exemplary conduct of his life forms a strong contrast to the errors of his father. During the Revolution, the present Duke escaped from France when a mere boy, with no more than the clothes on his back, and two pounds in his pocket. He earned his daily bread as a schoolmaster in Switzerland. Providence even decreed that that obscure life was too fortunate and favorable for the persecuted Prince; he was obliged to abandon those mountainous recesses, and we afterwards find him, under the name of Muller, in a corner of Sweden. Thence he was driven by the same unceasing persecution to the shores of America; and although he assumed there his own illustrious name, he was not, (says a London paper,) on that account better treated among our trans-Atlantic brethren.

THE ORACLE.

By the kindness of a party of learned mufti, who have selected this paper as the vehicle of their wisdom, we are enabled to promise our readers a treat in the way of answers to questions on any subject their correspondents may select, provided they be proper for public discussion. We have only to add that it is desirable that the questions be as short as possible, and that if no answer is returned it must be received in good part by the enquirer, as it is scarcely to be expected that in a publication like this every subject can be embraced. In short, the ORACLE must be left to its own judgment to speak or not. For the rest we shall let it *speak for itself*. The plan having been some time in preparation, we are enabled to publish the first number to day, being answers to questions propounded by those who have been informed of the project. The extent to which the *Oracle* will be carried, will depend entirely on the approbation of the public, who, if they see nothing new in the plan, are desired to judge impartially.

TO THE ORACLE.

Question.—I am a young woman who have been for some time courted by a gentleman, for whom I am constrained to acknowledge I have a very favorable opinion. All the objection I have against him is that I fear he is ill humored. I have tried several expedients, but he is too polite to discover himself, and therefore I desire you to put me in a way of finding out the truth, in an affair which so nearly concerns the happiness of the remainder of her life.

Answer, by the Oracle.—This is a very knotty affair, and we cannot promise that there is more than one infallible way to ascertain it—marry him, and we will venture the reputation we expect to acquire, that you have a perfect knowledge of his humor in less than half a year after, as he will also become pretty well acquainted with yours. But if you think this a desperate remedy, tread by accident on his corns; agree to meet him on an excursion of pleasure and never go near him; appoint the wedding day and put it off once or twice. If these *potions* seem to your wisdom too strong, enquire of his long and familiar acquaintances; observe how he behaves to his inferiors; how he looks when he hears of a pecuniary loss, and don't marry him till you are quite satisfied. But if he see this oracle, look to yourself, lest you catch a Tartar, and he discover your humor, rather than you his.

Question.—A friend of mine is very much given to talk in his sleep, and is so given to walk about his room, that without great care from his friends he is very apt to run against chairs, and other furniture, by which he is frequently injured, and serious apprehensions are entertained that he will jump out of the window. We desire to know what is the cure, and how it is best to restrain him; if you can give us any simple, easy remedy, you will confer a great favor on the family.

Answer.—The best plan to pursue is to advise him not to eat much from dinner till breakfast time, and procure a suitable net work to his bed, so that he cannot get out.

Question.—I have a dreadful scold of a wife, and would willingly give you half of my estate, if you could tell me how to tame her.

Answer.—That we'll do for nothing, provided you will not turn the old proverb upon us. The method we prescribe for taming your shrew, is, first to treat her with kindness, and endeavor by all your art to win her affection. If this fail, laugh at her, and let her scold on till she is weary; seem to take no notice of her; do as a mastiff would to a little whiffing cur that barks at him; say nothing to her except a little to shew your independence, and ten to one when she sees herself slighted she'll burst from sheer vexation.

Question.—How often shall we hear from you?

Answer.—Just as it happens.

Question.—How many of you are there.

Answer.—Never mind.

I love to hearken to the simple chat
Of prattling infants. From the lip of youth
I draw a sweeter pleasure to remark
How reason dawns towards her perfect day,
How passion kindles and impels the soul,
To all the useful purposes of life.—Hurdia.

ORIGINAL NOTICES.

Memoirs of Simon Bolivar, President Liberator of the Republic of Colombia, and of his Principal Generals; Secret History of the Revolution, and the Events which preceded it, from 1807 to the present time. By Gen. H. L. V. Duranday Holstein, Ex-Chief of the Staff of the President Liberator, and now a Citizen of the United States, Professor of Modern Languages at the College in Geneva, N.Y. &c. Boston, 1829.

The character of Simon Bolivar, and the rank which his memory is destined to be held in, are yet matters of doubt. Public opinion in this country is certainly unfavorable to the self-styled Liberator; and we must await the time when death shall have canonized his deeds, and an impartial posterity have fixed their seal upon his memory. He has had as good an opportunity to immortalize his name as ever Washington possessed, except that the character of the people whom he has had to govern differ, very widely from us of the United States. He certainly has had less intelligence, less patriotism, and more enemies to deal with; and we must confess ourselves quite unprepared, notwithstanding the octavo before us, to pass sentence upon the character of a man who undertook the most difficult of human achievements, the liberation of his countrymen. Gen. Duranday Holstein sets out with the full declaration that he has no private enmity to gratify, and no wish but to state facts; and if they be all facts which he has printed in his book, then has Simon Bolivar a small chance for being gratefully remembered in the year 1930. But we have only the assertion of Gen. Holstein for many of his statements; and we are by no means prepared to say that the "Professor of Modern Languages in the College of Geneva, (a College, by the way, the name of which sounds well, but it is only a College,) shall tilt at one of the most conspicuous characters of the age, give him all kinds of foul language, and be implicitly believed, without waiting for a reply.

We insert below such extracts as we have found piquant or interesting, and now leave the "professor" to form his own opinion of us, and our readers theirs of the book:

"Simon Bolivar was born in the city of Caracas, July 24th, 1783, and is the second son of Don Juan Vicente Bolivar y Ponte, a militia colonel in the plains of Aragua; his mother, Donna Maria Concepcion Palacios y Sojo; and both were natives of Caracas, and were Mantuanas (a kind of nobility.) They died: the first in 1786, and the latter in 1789.

"Young Bolivar was sent to Spain at the age of 14, in compliance with the customs of the wealthy Americans of those times, who usually spent in one year in Europe the amount of several years income at home; seeking offices and military decorations, that were often put up to the highest bidder, under the administration of Manuel Godoy, Prince of the Peace. The young Americans were likewise accustomed to go to Spain to complete their education, and to pursue their studies in the profession of law, physics, or theology; for according to the laws of the times, no American was admitted to the bar, and allowed to practise in his profession in the Universities of old Spain, nor could he exercise his profession at home. Without a diploma from a University in Spain, no American could, at least in New Grenada, have the honor of being a Capuchin Friar! But as the object of young Simon was to see the world, and not in any manner to study seriously, he paid little attention to any pursuit other than that of pleasure, and of satisfying his desire to witness the different scenes of life. He, however, devoted some time to the study of jurisprudence.

"He was at this period lieutenant in the corps of militia in the plains of Aragua, of which his father had been commander. He had an elder brother, who died in 1815, and two sisters, who enjoyed an annual income of from 40 to 50,000 dollars, the produce of several considerable estates, and particularly of an extensive 'Hato,' on which were raised large herds of cattle. These estates were at no great distance from the city of Caracas; and at one or the other of them, Bolivar and his family usually resided. San Mateo was, however, the place he always preferred. It was the largest of his possessions, where between 1600 and 1500 slaves were regularly kept, before the revolution. His residence in the valley of Aragua, not far from the lake of Valencia, was beautiful and striking. The famous Boves destroyed it in 1814.

"From Spain Bolivar passed into France, and resided at Paris, where he remained a number of years, enjoying at an early period all the pleasures of life, which by a rich young man, with bad examples constantly before him, can there easily be found. I have remarked that whenever Bolivar spoke to me of the Palais Royal, he could not restrain himself from boasting of its delights. It was on such

occasions that all his soul was electrified; his physiognomy became animated, and he spoke and acted with such ardor as showed how fond he was of that enchanting abode, so dangerous to youth.

"His residence in Paris, and especially at the Palais Royal, has done him great injury. He is pale, and of a yellowish color, meagre, weak, and enervated.

"I have spoken of Bolivar's residence in Paris; and I ask if such a school could inspire him, or any other young man, with an inclination for continued, deep, and laborious study; to that school I apprehend it to be in a great measure owing that he cannot attend with assiduity to business for more than two or three hours in a day; during the greater part of which he is sitting, or laying down upon his hammock, talking about indifferent matters with his favorites and flatterers. The answer of aids-de-camp on duty, to those who wished to speak to him, while he was thus occupied, generally was, that he was very much engaged in his cabinet. He scarcely ever writes at all himself, but dictates, or indicates to his secretary what he wishes to have written. In consequence, as I apprehended, of the flattery to which he had been accustomed since his residence in Paris, he is greatly inclined to adulation, and is very vain. But in the school where he acquired these two faults, (I mean those circles in Paris which call themselves 'bon ton,') he learned also the dissimulation to conceal them.

"Bolivar returned in 1802 to Madrid, where he married one of the daughters of Don Bernardo del Toro, uncle of the present Marquis of this name. His father-in-law, who was born in Caracas, resided in Madrid. Bolivar was but 19 years of age, and his lady 16. They returned in 1809 to Caracas, and lived in a retired manner on their estates. Shortly after, his lady was taken ill and died, without leaving any offspring.

"Bolivar acquired, in the course of his travels, that usage of the world, that courtesy and ease of manners, for which he is so remarkable, and which have so prepossessing an influence upon those who associate with him."

As an evidence of the utter impossibility of contemporaries becoming sufficiently acquainted with the current events of the day, to form an opinion of men and things, we here insert an instance given by our author of the facility with which the world may be imposed upon:

"When I was chief of the staff at Campano, on the Main, in May 1816, Gen. Bolivar, then 'supreme chief' of the republic of Venezuela, ordered a detachment of about 75 men to take possession of the village, and the little fort of Santa Rosa, which lies upon a hill, and commands the harbor. No enemy was found in it, but 25 half naked and badly armed men; and these retired after having twice discharged a 24 pounder, the only piece of ordnance then in the fort. Not a man was killed, wounded, or taken. The next day I was not a little surprised to find a printed bulletin, signed with my name, and in the proper place; in which is said, 'The Independents landed under the immediate command of the supreme chief, in four divisions, and the divisions of Gen. Piar took, after great resistance and a heavy fire, the strong fort of Santa Rosa, by storm. The division of Gen. Marino distinguished itself by its bravery and coolness,' &c. &c. The fact is, that Gen. Piar, with his 25 men, jumped over a low wall of this strong fort, and found it empty: the Spaniards had fled as soon as Piar approached, and could not have been taken or killed, being already more than four musket shots distant from him.

"When I saw this pompous bulletin, signed with my name, I asked Bolivar how my name came to such a paper, a real and ridiculous satire upon our forces, which did not exceed 800 men, but from which 75 divided into four divisions were more than sufficient to drive 25 enemies from Santa Rosa. He answered, laughing, that Baillet (our printer) was anxious to finish the bulletin before midnight; and that he ordered Capt. Chamberlain, his aid-de-camp, to write it, under his dictation, and that I not being at home, he had sent it with my name, as chief of the staff, to the printer. The bulletin may be found in many gazettes, particularly in the Curacao Courant, July 1816, with my name. Neither Bolivar nor myself were present at this skirmish. He remained quietly on board Admiral Brion. I arrived in another vessel, a brig, after all this was done.

"Sometime afterward, I handed to Gen. Bolivar a gazette from Baltimore, in which was repeated this 'famous and glorious victory,' and in which was added, that Gen. Bolivar's army was 7000 men strong in infantry, and 3000 in cavalry. I could mention many other cases of a similar description."

We wish our limited space would allow us to follow our author through his secret history. It is curious and interesting; and could we believe implicitly all the statements, it would change our opinion of many men and many things. We are forced to believe, however, that Bolivar's motives

will never bear a comparison with those of Washington; and close our short and imperfect notice with what is said to be a characteristic anecdote of the hero of South America. It relates to the expedition from Aux Cayes to Margarita:

"We suffered much during the very warm action, from the musket fire of about a hundred men of the Spanish regiment La Corona, who fired from the rigging into our vessel, and wounded and killed about fifty of our officers and men. We stood more than an hour at half pistol shot distance from the brig, before we could fix the grapples for boarding. When the crew saw about a dozen of us on their deck, the battle began to be renewed with more fury; but when our number increased, and their brave commander felt himself to be mortally wounded, they lost all hopes; and about thirty of them stripped off their clothes, and jumped overboard, in hopes to save their lives by swimming to the Three Rocks, which lay a gun shot distance from us.

"At this moment, Gen. Bolivar, having all this time been sitting very safe behind his beam in the long boat, perceived these naked unfortunate men swimming at a very short distance from him; he took his pistol, and killed one of them, took the second, fired at, but missed another!

"When all was over, and the brig was taken, he jumped out of his boat, came with a radiant face to me, and said, 'My dear friend, you fought bravely; but I, too, have not been inactive; I killed my man, but unfortunately missed the second!' I, who passed several times from one side of the vessel to the other, always seeing my commander leaning his head close to the beam, was surprised, and asked him how he could kill a man in his boat? 'Ah,' said he, laughing, 'with my pistol, in the water!'

"Such was Bolivar, in the action of the 2d May, 1816. I was there, I saw him; he spoke to me; and I commanded, in his place, our corps of officers and volunteers, who will testify to the truth of my plain statement, if they are any longer living out of Colombia, and not interested, and out of his reach."

What Simon's real intentions all are, we have no means of judging; we have just seen the following paragraph from a New-York paper, and if it be true, seems to confirm our author's imputations:

"Letters from Bogota state confidently that Bolivar has consented to be crowned, and that negotiations are going on with the French Government for settling the succession on a Bourbon Prince. The Crown of Bolivar, it is said, is now preparing in Europe; and as the recent visit of the Duke of Orleans and his son, the Prince de Chartres, to England, is said to have had for its object an introduction to Donna Maria de Gloria, it is supposed the Prince will become the Emperor of the Brazils. Bolivar having in view the conquest of Peru, it will suit his views to have his Empire bounded by the Brazils, and to see the two Crowns settled on his successor."

THE SERIOUS MADE COMICAL.—Mrs. Lushington, in her Narrative of a Journey to Europe, gives us the following pleasant morsel of an anecdote, the scene of which is Giarra, Sicily:—"The village had contained 150 men, with their wives and children. From the smallness of the church, these were compelled to attend divine service at different times. The women had gone and returned first as usual, and the men occupied their places; but scarcely had they assembled, when an earthquake occurred which destroyed the minister and the whole of his congregation—absolutely not one man in the village escaped! My informant added, that the poor women being left destitute, (here I expected a tale of distress,) resorted to another parish to recruit for fresh husbands: 'for what,' said she, 'could they do but settle themselves again in matrimony as soon as possible?'

Cobbett says that all North America does not contain two hundred such unmanly, greedy, and indecent brutes as were assembled at the late dinner of the Westminster electors, where he was pretty roughly treated. He says:—"I saw one fellow endeavoring to cut a roast fowl a-sunder, *crossways*, while another had his fork stuck in the neck end, ready to take one of the halves."

During Queen Elizabeth's visit to Cowdray, in Sussex, where she spent some days, the allowance for breakfast for her Majesty and suite, was "three oxen and 140 geese."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARIEL.

Cape Island, (Sea side,) Aug. 6, 1829.

Sir: During the warmer part of the summer I generally leave the city, to enjoy the pure air in an excursion to the country; and during my absence, keep a journal of my tour; and from time to time, make such extracts from it as would be deemed most fit for the columns of some of our public prints; and in accordance with my usual custom, now take the liberty to transmit the following for your perusal, which should you approve, is at your disposal.

On Friday, the 31st of July, I embarked on board the rapid and commodious steamer Commerce, capt. Reeves, for Cape May Island, (Sea Shore,) West New-Jersey. As the weather was favorable, I spent my time on the promenade-deck, among a large and agreeable company of ladies and gentlemen, admiring the many beautiful scenes on the margin of the Delaware—scenes, though, which have been so often described as to make a repetition not only tedious, but useless; therefore, I'll pass on silently by Newcastle, Delaware City, &c. until I come in sight of the fort named after the river on which it stands.

Having been raised in our national military school, my first impressions were of course military, which no after-course through life has removed. But by one of the "sudden turns of Fortune's wheel," my lot has since been cast in the peaceful walks of life, notwithstanding my military penchant. I was but a mere stripling when I left the Academy; and just so much time has elapsed since as to allow me but a few years to claim the style, title, and bearing of a man; but never, since entering on my career of manhood, have I experienced such feelings as those on passing the fort. There are moments when we feel a kind of melancholy pleasure, when our thoughts wander back to incidents and affairs that have occurred years past; and the scene before me was in every way calculated to call forth pleasing yet melancholy recollections of my boyhood, while under the strictly military regulations of one of the most useful institutions our country can boast of—the U. S. Military Academy at West-Point.

The lonely and solitary appearance of the fort on the beach—a single sentinel with "measured pace" walking his "lonely round"—the martial sounds of the drum and fife, stealing across the water in a lively and well known air, which to a soldier's ear is always welcome at the usual evening parade, in the beating of Retreat—together with the long, loud, and reverberating sounds of the Evening Gun, as they echoed along the windings of the river—

"Awakened thoughts that long had slept."

As the sounds of the gun "pealed o'er the twilight sea," they called to mind those beautiful lines by Moore, entitled "The Evening Gun," commencing with

"Remember'st thou that fading sun,
The last I saw with thee,
When loud we heard the evening gun
Peal o'er the twilight sea?"

In my vain wish that I were once more a boy, my only consoling reflection was, that instead of my first years having been misspent in the useless and frivolous amusements so common among boys at our boarding schools, colleges, &c. that they had been employed in acquiring a knowledge and practising the duties of a soldier and a man. With what delight did we practise our healthy morning and evening drills—turning off and mounting guard—posting and relieving sentinels—and the few months we spent in camp, with what cheerfulness and manly pride when on a march, not to the battle field, did we perform distances, with U. S. knapsacks and muskets, which men used to the tented field have boasted of! It were silly to mourn over the past, but it is ever with sorrowful hearts that we look back to scenes of former happiness; and

"Oh! let me pause
Over this earlier period, when my heart
Mingled its being with its pleasures, filled
With memories, which steal from out the past
Like rays from clouds."

But enough—though, should any of those then youthful soldiers who, like myself, have since laid aside the bright accoutrements of war, for the plain garb of the peaceful citizen, ever meet with these remarks, they will feel what I would wish to describe.

I do not wonder that some have railed in bitter terms against "Military and Scientific Academies," when we see a mushroom-set of half-imitation institutions springing up in different sections of our country, superintended by men from the undrilled ranks of citizens, unskilled in tactics, and in no way calculated for the station. Such institutions, to be useful, should be based on the principle of the national one at West Point; and the officers should be men raised and schooled from youth in the army—

ut stop, I'm going beyond my limits, for I did not intend to deliver a lecture on education. But to proceed on my journey—

After passing some distance below the fort, the river becomes wider, and is at length lost in a bay, where there is scarce any land perceptible—

"Till, oppressed, the weary eye
Only gazed on sea and sky."

A short time now brought us to the landing, which was lined with "Jersey wagons," in readiness to convey us to the different hotels of the island, about three miles above. I soon arrived at my boarding house, Congress Hall, or the "Big House," a large and commodious mansion, with superior accommodations for upwards of two hundred persons, by Mr. J. Hughes. The weather since my arrival has much the resemblance of our Pennsylvania fall weather, warm during the middle of the day, and cool morning and evening, though never without a fine sea breeze. The visitors have various kinds of amusements, according to their different tastes—hunting and fishing are the principal among the male part. There are stated periods for bathing: early in the morning you see the ladies wending to and from the surf in their bathing dresses, resembling the poetical descriptions given of sea-nymphs. At this time there is a white flag displayed in the neighborhood of the ladies' bathing-houses, as a caution for the gentlemen to stand aloof. It is quite amusing on a rainy, or as the Cape Islanders say, a "stormy day," to see the company assembled in the large hall at the "Big House," like a large family of children, engaged at different games, plays, &c. as shuttle-cock, pussy wants a corner, &c. As for myself, never having had a taste for the usual light amusements of the day, I generally "shoulder" my fowling piece, and take a solitary ramble along the inlets and windings of the sea shore, after the different kinds of game, which is very plenty,—for unlike our Pennsylvania game, which is mostly found in umbrageous groves, fragrance-breathing orchards, fields and forests, one must descend into the watery morass and mosquito swamp, traverse the windings of the river, the rocky cliffs, bays, and inlets of the sea-beat shore, and listen to the wild and melancholy screams of the various sea-birds—a species of hunting, though unused to, which I now delight in.

The visitors are leaving the island in large numbers; and a few days more, the "throng of the multitude" will cease, and leave the weary islanders to their wonted silence and repose.

I must now come to a close; and should these unconnected and hurried extracts meet with your approbation, in being honored with a place in your paper, I may hereafter finish the remainder of my tour—and in the mean time, I remain, yours, respectfully,

Y.

DOMESTIC VARIETIES.

AN INTERESTING FACT.—Silliman's July No. of the American Journal of Science and Arts, contains two letters from Mr. Joseph E. Muse, of Cambridge, Md. which gives an account of the resuscitation of a valuable hound from drowning, by means of oxygen gas. The dog was cold, stiff, and to all appearance, perfectly dead, when Mr. Muse applied a small stop-cock, with a long beak, attached to a large bladder filled with gas—(that is, the pure part of the atmospheric air.) As soon as he had thus forced into the lungs a copious dose of gas, the dog "made a convulsive and solitary yelp, to the full pitch of his usual and shrill voice in the chase." The process was repeated till the gas, which Mr. M. happened to have prepared, was exhausted—the dog was then wrapped in blankets, replaced by

the fire, friction was constantly applied, and after a great deal of trouble and skillful management, the hound was fully restored to the use of his physical faculties in eight or ten days.

Remarkable case of an insect supposed to be hatched in the human body:

BALLSTON SPA, 1829.

Dear Sir: The following recital of a phenomenon, which happened about a year since, will be a subject of inquiry among naturalists and physicians. A young woman, the daughter of a respectable farmer in Edinburg, Saratoga county, N. Y. while in a field of new mown hay, felt the sting of a large green grasshopper, as she then expressed it. Some time in the winter she discovered a tumor on the shoulder, between the caracori and acromian process, attended with some pain and uneasiness. After about three weeks continuance, it disappeared from the shoulder, and she felt a pain along the course of the clavicle: and in May it appeared at the side of the neck, partly under the sterno cleaia mastioides muscle. Her physician treated for scrofula, with apparent success, for it again disappeared until July, when it was felt once more at the shoulder—the tumor, about the size of a hen's egg, and with evident fluctuation, when it was opened with a small discharge of unhealthy pus, and along with it a living graas-hopper, two inches in length, and breadth proportionate. The only conclusion is that the egg must have been deposited the year before, and arrived to maturity by a process of incubation. Should you think this narrative worthy of being generally known, you are at liberty to do as you think advisable. I remain your friend, &c. ELIPHALET ST. JOHN.

Sam'l. Mitchel, M.D., L.L.D. &c.

On Friday last, a leaf was taken from a cabbage stalk, in the garden of Mr. Jacob Rathfon, in the city of Lancaster, Pa. which measured eight feet in circumference. Lancaster county against the state for *kraut*.

OIL STONE.—This very useful mineral, which has hitherto been imported in large quantities, seems now to be found in several parts of our own country. Very extensive beds were some time since discovered in North Carolina; considerable quantities in Georgia, and in the vicinity of Lake Memphremagog; and now it appears to exist in Rocking county, Ohio. The specimens examined in this last location, possess a fine and uniform grain.

PROPER RESENTMENT.—A young gentleman of New York, returning home, at a certain time, found his father with a gun at the cellar stairs, and was told that the family dog exhibited symptoms of hydrophobia. The news was extremely painful to the young man, for his attachment to the dog was very strong. Poor Tray was soon observed near a window, and a rope being passed around his neck, he was dragged out and thrown into the dock, where it was supposed he would of course perish. A few days afterwards, to his surprise, the young gentleman noticed his old friend sitting in a tailor's shop at some distance, in good health, and of sane mind. The dog, however, did not recognize the acquaintance, nor would he ever take the least notice of any one of the family, but maintained, at all times, an indignant reserve.

The travel to the Falls, says the Buffalo Republican, has been the brisk for several days past. It is not a little remarkable, that the thousands who visit the Falls of Niagara, every summer, receive no injury from accidents or from sickness. The fare of the hotels is good—the atmosphere is cool and bracing—the carefulness and skill of the guides preserve the giddy and

the thoughtless from danger. The avocations of visitors are quite arduous: they occupy table rock, terrapin rocks, and the island on the brink of the Falls; they go under the sheet of water—they sail on the bosom of the foaming river—regale themselves among the natural arbors of Iris Island—sport with Hooker's hickories—devour his curiosities, or lave in his waters—clamber the rugged banks, and climb the beetling rocks—seek with recumbent posture the grotto of Cataline—pass not idly by the burning or the mineral springs—scan the beauties of the whirlpool, and sigh over the fate of those who fell into that awful place called the Devil's Hole! Their constant exercise begets a good appetite: full of spirits—health ensues, and what chance is there for disease?

In getting a jury, says the Lexington Ky. Reporter, for the trial of negro Washington, for murder, the privilege of peremptory challenge, which the accused, by the humane and excellent provision of the common law, is allowed to a certain extent, had been so far exercised, that *tales de circumstantibus* was necessary.—One of the individuals summoned, having taken the usual oath to answer questions as to his competency, declared he had conscientious scruples, and if he were on the jury he could not find a verdict, the consequences of which would be a legal sentence of death; as he did not believe that civil tribunals had any right, under any circumstances, to take the life of a human being. He was informed by the Court, that the duty of jurors was not to act as legislators, but simply to determine from the evidence before them whether or not a fact had transpired, which could not, in the nature of things, be altered by the feelings or abstract opinions of the juror; that the law had already annexed the penalty for the commission of the crime, and the verdict could not change the law; and upon this explanation of his duty, he was asked whether he could not impartially weigh the evidence and determine the fact. He replied, that he had many years since determined never to be the instrument by which as a consequence death could ensue to another; that he would not find verdict of guilty, as he should then be such an instrument. The counsel for the prisoner had, as may be supposed, no objection to such a juror, but he was not received.

A NEW FASHION.—The last number of the "Petit Courrier des Dames" of Paris, contains prints of the fashions for June, which leave all large sleeves worn since the American Revolution, quite in the back-ground. It is the Bishop's sleeve. The tight wristband and bracelet too, are dispensed with. The hem is slightly turned back by a loop and button above the wrist, and is broadly pendant below, exhibiting the arm in an under sleeve. The dress is a wrapper of plain muslin, surrounded by a broad hem, embroidered. A similar hem ornaments the lower part of the sleeve. As to the waist, it is comparatively a small matter.

A CURIOSITY.—In Catskill, N. Y., a fountain of carburated hydrogen gas has been discovered in the bottom of Catskill Creek, near the foot of Main street, in that village. The water has been for many years to be unusually troubled, and to emit an extraordinary quantity of air. No experiment was, however, made until last Monday a week, when, by the direction of Mr. Apollon Cook, fire was applied to the surface of the water, and the result was an immediate combustion resembling alcohol. We have witnessed several experiments since, which are sufficient to satisfy us that, with proper apparatus, a quantity of gas might be collected to an-

swer extensively useful purposes in lighting the village. There are said to be many similar fountains in this vicinity, but we know of no other experiment to prove their inflammability.—*Recorder*.

The Boston Gazette says—The editor of the Salem Courier has invented an instrument to which he has given the name of "*Corsetrometer*." By this instrument one can ascertain how tight the waist of a lady may be drawn without occasioning ruinous and irremediable injury! The editor of the Courier is of opinion that "it is the duty of every man, if he sees the ladies squeezing themselves to death, to tell them of it." He would go one step further and draw them out of the vice.

READER BEWARE!—Two men in a harvest field, says the Washington [Penn.] Republican, in West Bethlehem township, being intoxicated, quarrelled about the payment of fifty cents.—One of them started to go home; the other pursued him about fifty rods with a wagon whip, where he overtook him, and falling upon him with the whip, beat him some time, and then taking a stone, struck him on the back part of the head, and fractured his skull. He survived a few days and expired. The unfortunate perpetrator has been lodged in jail to await his trial.

DISTRESSING CASUALTY.—Drowned, near this village, says the Ithaca Journal of July 29, on Wednesday afternoon last, Margaret, third daughter of Francis A. Bloodgood, Esq. aged 18 years. This event, which has shrouded in deep distress a numerous and respectable family, cast a gloom over a wide circle of the society, and called forth the general sympathies of the citizens of this village. The character of the party to which she was attached, and the peculiar localities of the place, were all calculated to give an intense interest to the sad event. To correct the vague and incorrect rumors, and to give a correct relation of the circumstances, is the object of this communication.

Miss B. with her sister and brother, about 15 years old, two young ladies, her cousins, and two daughters of the Rev. Mr. Williston, left home on Wednesday afternoon to visit the Buttermilk Falls, on a small stream emptying into the Inlet, two miles south of this village. After passing up the first falls through the ravine to what is called the "Pulpit Rock," her sister and two others of the party declined proceeding any farther, while she, the other two ladies, and her brother, passed on up the ravine more than a quarter of a mile, to a fall of five or six feet in height, at the bottom of which is a basin seven feet in depth, and about eighteen feet in diameter. The banks above are precipitous, and a very narrow passage way is only afforded on one side, and on a smooth inclined rock. Miss B. in attempting to pass this, to reach the top of the fall, suddenly slipped, and was instantly in the water; her clothes for a moment buoyed her up, when she sunk to the bottom without rising again. Her cousin was following within a few feet of her; the rest of her companions were some yards behind. The horror of the moment can better be imagined than described. Indeed, the imagination can form but a faint picture of the reality of the scene. The agonizing sensations of the brother, and the two young ladies who were present—their utter inability to afford any assistance, and the wildness and natural gloom of the place, must have produced an intenseness of distress beyond the power of description. An alarm was instantly made, but the remoteness of the place from any habitation, and the extreme difficulty of access, rendered it impossible to get any effectual assistance to

rescue the body, until three quarters of an hour had elapsed, and an hour more before it could be conveyed to a place where any attempt at resuscitation could be made—but efforts were then unavailing—the vital spark had fled.

THE SANDWICH WOLF.—The Barnstable, Mass. Journal, gives many particulars (four or five columns) concerning the wolf lately killed in Sandwich, in that state, of which the following is an abstract. A great proportion of Plymouth, Sandwich, Barnstable and Falmouth, is covered with forest, and this forest land is connected together so as to form one extensive, uncultivated region, which affords a wide range for deer and other animals. The inhabitants of these towns are not so exclusively seamen as is commonly thought; the greater part are farmers, who get their living out of the ground; one of the principal objects of their attention is sheep, which they drive into the woods after shearing, where the animals find sufficient food during the summer. In 1827, many sheep were found dead in the woods, much mutilated about the throat, and some were found wounded, but not killed; at length the tracks of some unknown animal were discovered, and soon after, a strange beast, resembling a large dog, was seen. When the sheep returned to their owners in the fall of 1827, some farmers did not find more than half their number, and more or less were missing from almost every flock. During the winter of 1827—8, the unknown animal visited the enclosed fields and barn yards, and killed some sheep in almost every fold, in the vicinity of the woods; his tracks were seen in the snow, and the citizens united in hunting matches to destroy him, but he escaped unharmed. In the summer of 1828, he killed many sheep, both in the pastures and in the woods, and several carcasses of deer were discovered; he was frequently seen, and many times pursued by the hunters, but always escaped. He was once seen in the road by two young women; after they had shouted at him several times, he deliberately jumped over a fence into a field and killed a lamb. Prey was abundant, and he seldom took more from a sheep than the blood, the milk glands of ewes, and a few mouthfuls from the hind quarters; many sheep were found alive, cruelly wounded, and a few recovered. During the winter of 1828—9, he continued his usual habits, and many a general turn-out of the people was made after him, but they could neither kill nor capture him. Dogs were afraid of him, and would not follow his track. Each of the towns of Sandwich and Falmouth offered a reward of \$100 for his destruction within their bounds. At length, on the 10th of June last, a party discovered him in Barnstable, and Joseph Hoxsie severely wounded him with a charge of buckshot; he was pursued about three miles to a swamp in Sandwich, where a second charge of buckshot killed him. He proved to be a wolf, weighing 68 pounds, and measuring 6 feet from the nose to the end of the tail. It is supposed that he was brought to Plymouth from Labrador, by a fishing vessel, a few years ago. The vessel had three whelps on board, one of which escaped to the woods, and the others died; they were supposed to be young foxes, but it is now believed that they were wolves. It was a season of great rejoicing when the animal was slain. He had destroyed more than one thousand sheep in Sandwich, and perhaps an equal number in other towns. About 40 years ago a wolf from Vermont made great destruction among the sheep in Barnstable and Plymouth counties, where he remained two or three years; he was killed in Middleborough.

FEMALE LABOR.

Permit me to make a few remarks in opposition to an article, which appeared in your 85th No. [of the Bulletin] with regard to female labor, purporting to be taken from a "New York print." Notwithstanding the Bulletin coincides with the sentiments contained in the article, and thinks that women might be advantageously employed in setting type, and doing other work entirely out of their vicinity, such as tending groceries and auctions, learning and following the jewellery and watch-making business, book-binding, &c. &c. and concludes his observations by saying "we should like to see the experiment attempted, [of setting type] in some of our great printing offices in this city." I say, notwithstanding all this, I beg leave with all due deference to superior judgment, to differ with him on this point; and in doing which, I shall endeavor briefly to give my reasons.

In the first place, I would ask, is not the condition of the poorer class of society in our country, already miserable enough? Is not the wages they receive for their labor, already sufficiently diminutive? and would they not be still more paltry and contemptible, if women were to do the work which it is the province of men to do? I think so, because as females do not require as much to support them as men, married or unmarried, of course they would neither ask nor expect as much for their labor; nor would their employers be willing to give it, though they should do equally as much work; and in this way wages would gradually sink into almost nothing.

Again, if the labor which is now performed by males, was taken from them and placed in the hands of females, it would generally be in the hands of those who are young and unmarried, and they, by submitting to perform it, would thus most seriously injure themselves; become in a manner their own seducers, and the destroyers of their own happiness. 1st, because in some cases, a young man, (as there may be found some young men, who, under such circumstances, either from the want of firmness or consideration; or, whose abandonment of character would be only equalled by the commission of such a crime,) knowing, or imagining his utter incapability, to properly support a wife, on account of the low rate of wages, would, sooner than encumber himself with one, and in order for his present gratification, gain himself into the confidence of some deluded victim, until he had succeeded in becoming her seducer, and then forsake her, leaving her to the shameful inheritance of everlasting disgrace and infamy. Or, 2nd, if perchance in the course of time they should marry, they must of course quit their former occupations, after having lent their assistance to reduce the prices for labor, and attend to the domestic concerns of a family, which, by the bye, ought to be, generally speaking, the limits of the circle in which the female sex should move, and in which their worth and merits is displayed to the best advantage. Now suppose for instance, that in the place of thirty, forty, or fifty journeyman printers in this city, there should be introduced so many young females, (for in this vocation the Bulletin thinks they would excel,) and they to work for about two thirds less per week than the men. I would ask what is now to become of the men, after having devoted their best days and prime of life to gain a knowledge of the business, by which they fondly hoped to obtain an honest and comfortable subsistence when arrived at a state of manhood, but of which, in consequence of this measure, they are entirely deprived, many of whom being already burthened with large and expen-

sive families? Would or could the "N. Y. print," the "Bulletin," or any of their advocates in this matter, provide or assist to provide for them, merely for the pleasure of seeing the females take their places, and throwing them out of employ? It is not very improbable that if the experiment was once started, and supported by "public opinion," which, I trust will never be the case in this country, as long as there is men enough to do the work, there would be enough females, such as they might be, which I suspect would not be of the most respectable kind, to embark in the cause. But then for the consequences, in case such a thing should occur, the females would have to take the place of the males, and *vice versa*. But then, here it is again, the "N. Y. print" and the "Bulletin," have been so exceedingly cruel, as not even to allow us a fair *exchange* of employment; for they say that women could work at several branches of our business that I have before mentioned, in addition to that which strictly belongs to them, such as, I presume, cooking, washing, mantua-making, tailoring, hat-binding, &c. They are determined that the ladies shall do *all* the work, and gentlemen be gentlemen. This is not fair, for if the females take *our* burdens, it would be no more than right that we should in turn take *theirs*. However, since this is denied us, we can have the consolation of living at our ease, and looking to them for support. But then, here is another difficulty; it would take all that a woman could earn to support *herself*, setting aside her better half, if she had one, for whom she would have to make provision, together with, in some instances, a half a dozen or less squalling imps about her. In such a case, "what is to be done?"

My last reason is the strongest, and cannot, I think, fail of producing a proper feeling on this subject. It would be reducing us to a near affinity with the policy of barbarians. It is now, as it ever has been, the boast and glory of all civilized and intelligent nations, to preserve, as much as possible, the female sex from close, hard manual labor, for which Heaven never designed, and for which they are by no means calculated. We know that in all barbarian countries, the women have to perform the chief part of the hard labor, and support their husbands, who are only employed in hunting, gambling, and lounging about, ordering and treating their wives as if they were the veriest slaves upon the face of the earth. Let me ask what enjoyment is there in the sacred bonds of matrimony, in such a state of things as this? It is hoped that the respectable females of this, our land of liberty and intelligence, will never submit to perform the labor which strictly belongs to the other sex; and thus while they have their liberty to never let it go, but keep and cherish it, as an invaluable and precious boon.

The "N. Y. print," says, "we are exceedingly rejoiced that the rights of women, and their rank and condition in society, are now subjects of investigation." This is very good, but I should like to know if it was a proper way to show their rank and condition in society, by submitting to do the drudgery and labor which it is not their province to do? If they are, their standing is exceedingly low, and their condition not much superior to that of the uncivilized savages of our western wilds.

Let females only attend to that which is in their line of duty, and they will do more good to their country by far, than by going out of their way to do that which is not their duty. Let them store their minds with useful and instructive knowledge, that they may be prepared to in-

stil into the minds of their offspring as they advance in life, noble and elevated sentiments of honor, justice, and propriety of conduct; the love and protection of their highly privileged and dearly bought country; but above all, direct their yet yielding and tender hearts, to their Creator, the homage due to him—the scrutiny with which he scans the actions of men—the promises held out to those who keep and obey his commandments, and the denunciations pronounced against those who oppose his will and precepts. If every mother was to attend to these things in a proper manner, she would do a vast deal of good, as she has the power of forming the first impressions on the minds of the young; and considering that

"Tis education forms the youthful mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,"

our country then would not so often have to witness the disgraceful scenes of riot, intemperance, and murder that she now does, and with the accounts of which our papers are weekly, or rather daily, made to teem.

JOHN.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 22.

Business overdone.—Some recent circumstances show plainly that the business of Tavern Keeping in this city has been carried too far. We are well supplied with good Hotels, but there are so many that they all suffer. It is the same with New York—they have overdone it, and their splendid National Hotel came to the hammer, furniture and all.

Serious apprehensions are entertained in Georgia, that the Indians meditate war upon their frontier neighbors. Ross, the President of the Cherokees, is said to be preparing a talk, advising them never to give up their lands, but to kill every white man who crosses the line. We fear the whites have instigated him to this, in order to have an excuse for exterminating the red men.

A wind-fall.—By the death of an English gentleman, as we are informed, a sum equal to between three and four hundred thousand dollars has become the property of several residents of the vicinity of Camden, New-Jersey—some of whom were previously in very poor circumstances. We have not obtained the particulars.

Grapes.—The whole extent of Philadelphia, if it could be seen at a glance, would present a greater number of grape vines, and a more bountiful supply of green grapes at this time, than all the rest of the Union together can boast of. It is remarkable to observe the almost universal fondness that exists here for the cultivation of this beautiful and valuable fruit. We see them hanging like ropes of onions, in small gardens, where it would scarcely be believed they could grow. They are extremely ornamental, and reward the citizen-gardener better than any thing he can plant. This season seems to have been particularly propitious to the grape, the apricot, and peach.

Silk.—Several highly interesting communications have appeared in the National Gazette of this city, signed 'J. D'Homerque,' on the subject of Silk and Silk-worms. He states that there is every facility possessed in America for the rearing of silk-worms; and moreover, that an article superior to any made in Europe has been produced in this city. The essays will be, we trust, extensively republished. For the present, we must rest contented by referring our readers to the columns of the Gazette for the whole of the essays. Much difficulty was experienced thirty years ago in convincing the inhabitants of the southern states of the importance of cotton, to which they now owe their prosperity. We believe, from what we see of the progress of silk growing in this vicinity, that the people are already convinced, and will ere long follow the example of the industrious inhabitants of Connecticut, who are reaping golden harvests from the Mulberry tree. The processes of raising, gathering, winding, spinning, and weaving silk, are truly in-

teresting, and with the exception of the latter, are often experimented upon for amusement: they may all be said properly to belong to females, and we venture to say, that one woman will earn as much by rearing silk-worms in two months, as by making shirts at 12½ cents each the whole year. Let them try it.

Mauch Chunk.—This horrid name for so pleasant a place, always sounded gratingly on our ears. It should have been changed long ago—call it Samaria, or Damascus, or some christian name. The New York American protests against it as a nuisance. Verily, so do we, though several of our best subscribers—men who belong to the pay-the-printer club—live in it. He says no such words ever existed in any Indian language, from which it is so professedly derived. Take New Jersey for a model. She changed Black Horse to Columbus, and Slabtown to Jacksonville. Call it even *Bungtown*—any thing under the sun but *Mauch Chunk*.

"Going to the shore?" said a fat, pursy, gentleman to a sober looking cit, as he wended his way down to the "Commerce," and wiped the heat from his forehead; "Going to the shore to-day?" "No," was the reply, "but if the Banks are not more liberal to me, I shall be ashore to-day." So much for *Banks*.

Passage in the New York accommodation line is reduced to \$1.50. We look forward to the time when it will be cheaper to travel than to stay at home.

The Union line from Baltimore made the trip to this city in 11 hours 15 minutes, on Monday. We remember a good captain on the Chesapeake, by the name of *Tripp*, but we presume they have procured a man who beats the old *Tripps*.

A party of fishermen started last week for Morris river, N. J. with nets, for the purpose of drawing out the finny treasures of the deep. On the first haul, eighty large rock-fish presented their valuable faces, and on subsequent experiment, twenty more were taken. The party returned laden with the spoil, and disposed of them at very low prices. We hope they will follow it up. New-Jersey fare is now in request; she levies a heavy tax on this city.

Mr. Hogg recommends, in the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, that *mules* be allowed to increase. "Birds of a feather,"—they are both *rooters*.

The "Bucks County Republican," published at Doylestown, by A. W. Campbell, Esq. has been received. The paper is got up in a style reflecting great credit on the taste and skill of its proprietor. It is designed to support the election of Mr. Wolf, and is a democratic paper.

They are afraid of mad dogs both in New-York and Norfolk.

Solar Microscope.—Mr. Rand is exhibiting at the Hall of the Musical Fund an improved Microscope, which magnifies eight million times. The exhibition is interesting, and the eels in vinegar are some feet larger than those formerly described in this paper. We do not despair yet, in the perfectibility of the Telescope; and hope to live to see the moon brought so near us that we shall be able to tell all about it. As we cannot say any thing new on the subject of the families which inhabit a speck of a fig, and which can be taken up on the point of a cambric needle, the numerous individuals of which appear through Mr. Rand's apparatus as large as young rabbits, we subjoin a beautiful extract from the poet Thomson:

"What numerous kinds
Evading e'en the microscopic eye! [descend,
Full Nature swarms with life, one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organized,
Waiting the vital breath, when Parent Heaven
Sdall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid reams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a ray,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs
That dance unnumbered to the playful breeze;

The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit; the nameless nations feed
On evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible
Amid the floating verdure, millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds: Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacaney it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, concealed
By the kind art of forming heaven, escape
The grosser eye of man: for if the worlds
In worlds enclosed should on his senses burst,
From cat's ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.
Let no presuming, impious railer tax
Creative wisdom, as if ought was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little, haughty Ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heaved, the pride of art,
A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the man, whose universal eye
Has swept at once the unbounded scheme of things,
Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That this availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From infinite perfection to the brink
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss?
From which astonished thought recoiling turns!
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend
And hymns of holy wonder to that Power,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant Sun."

A very proper feeling of distrust and disapproval has been generally expressed in the several journals of the day, against the efforts now making by stage and steamboat proprietors, to surpass their rivals in speed, and it will, we hope, produce a good effect. We are not among the number of those, however, who would repress the march of locomotion, when it can be propelled without additional risk. We have always thought the art of steam navigation was in its infancy, and destined to arrive at results beyond the calculations even of the most scientific. Ten years ago, we had it demonstrated to us, on scientific principles, that a boat could not be propelled by steam beyond the rate of ten miles an hour. What is now the rate of motion, and what may it not yet be? The indefatigable Stephens has used cedar, and the lighter woods, for his boats, and they float like swans. He has doubled the paddle-wheel, and they fly upon the surface of the waters. May we not yet do something to quicken them, as much as has been already done? Suppose we use *cork* for the bottom; and if we were to say *glass* vessels may yet skim over the surface of the Delaware, we presume we should be listened to with no more incredulity than when we affirmed we should live to see steamboats travel ten miles an hour *against the tide*—the stemming of which, by our old *Phoenix*, was looked upon as little short of a miracle. Let us chronicle now, in 1829, the rapidity with which a man might be transported 540 miles, if there was no greater delay than is experienced between here and Baltimore, or New York—and ten years hence, turn to our files, and see if there is no advancement.

A man shall leave Albany at five in the morning, and be in New-York at five in the evening, or sooner,

| | |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| To Philadelphia, | 140 miles in 12 hours |
| To Baltimore, | 100 do. 10 do. |
| To Norfolk, | 120 do. 11 do. |
| | 180 do. 16 do. |

Total, 540 miles in 49 hours

Or, in two days he has conquered a distance of five hundred and forty miles, and gone from the climate of Canada to that of the Carolinas. Who would have believed this possible, after having actually seen the *Phoenix* working against tide at the enormous rate, as we then thought it, of 2½ miles an hour! We remember perfectly being eight hours going to Bristol in a steamer; and have performed the same trip since in one hour and thirty-two minutes! So we go. Let those who are incredulous respecting the possibility of going twenty miles an hour, lay this paper at the bottom of their money-chest, and take it out ten years hence, and see if we be not a true prophet, when we affirm

that twenty miles may be expected to be the common rate of travel.

Since writing the above, we have received a letter from a friend in New-York, which states that a boat is building there which is expected to move twenty miles in an hour. She will have two engines, each of 150 horse power. We are anxious to hear the result of the experiment. The new boat nearly finished, to run to Wilmington, will contain the most powerful engine on the Delaware.

A Lawful Outrage.—Under this head, we find in the last number of the Free Press, the following statement of a transaction which is said to have occurred in this city—

"On the Sunday preceding the Fourth of July, an occurrence took place in my neighborhood of a singular nature. A laboring man, who is employed in the neck, at farming, returned on Saturday evening, to pass the Sunday with his family, as his custom was. In the night the rain fell in torrents, filling every concavity with water that it had access to. In the morning the family found themselves shut in by a pond of water, that had collected in the passage to the street, which passage is enclosed on both sides by high board fences, so that there was no passing to the street except through the water. However, the wife forded the pond, and procured bread and milk at the risk of her health. The man, on complaint of his wife, went out to examine the obstruction—not liking to have the communication cut off from the street, or subject himself and family to wade the pond, got an instrument and knocked off as many boards, near the house, as would enable them to pass into the next yard, and through it into the street, upon dry ground. Before the offender could get off on the Monday morning, to his work, one of his over-zealous neighbors had him apprehended, and brought before a magistrate, and fined for *Sabbath Breaking*, according to law. Gentle readers, what do you think the law required of the laboring man for the offence, after the complainant had relinquished his part of the fine: Five dollars and fifty cents, cost included—being within fifty cents of a whole week's wages, and no part of the fine was relinquished, until one of the neighbors cried shame on it."

We have no manner of doubt but this infamous tale is strictly true; and all that we regret is that the names of the parties were not held up to the merited execration of the public. There are enough men in this community whose views of right and wrong have been sufficiently distorted by the sectarian mania of the day, to institute a legal process for violation of the Sabbath, upon no better grounds than those above stated. If the public press possessed the independence it ought to—or rather if the community would only sustain its conductors in the exposure of such outrageous intolerance, in all its minute deformities, a different temper would be soon evinced among the religious partisans of the day, and a wholesome spirit of freedom at once diffused abroad. We can relate an instance, somewhat parallel with the above, and of recent occurrence in a neighboring county. A very respectable member of the Society of Friends, having nearly all his crop of hay cut and ready for hauling in, perceiving, one Sunday, that a storm was coming up, got all his hands to work at hauling the hay home. A day or two afterwards, an information was laid against him for violation of the Sabbath, and he was summoned to appear before a magistrate to answer the charge. The fact admitting of no dispute, he was fined in the usual sum, with costs of prosecution—all of which he paid. Under an idea, however, that the Justice had charged extortionate fees, he sued him for the same. When the case came before Court it was proved that illegal fees had been received, and that too by a Justice who was a vestry-man of his church! It came out, also, that he was no Justice at all. He had never been sworn in according to law—consequently, no verdict of damages could be recorded against him, because, being no Justice of the Peace, he might take whatever fees any one pleased to give him. Though he urged his counsel to let him be brought in guilty, rather than undergo the mortification of being *broken*, yet his counsel, to save his own credit, and to avoid a conviction, proved to the satisfaction of the Jury, that the client was no Justice! To make this case more monstrous, it has since been ascertained that this mock Justice actually hired a man to inform against the farmer for hauling in his hay on Sunday! We have been told, moreover, that an association has been formed in that vicinity, to prosecute any man who, under

any case whatever, should haul in his harvest, or any part of it on a Sunday. The names of all the individuals concerned in this transaction, have been published in our daily papers, and are no doubt known to most of our readers. Any comment of ours is unnecessary: as any man who is able to read this, is competent to form an opinion as to the deep detestation in which the transaction deserves to be viewed.

Philadelphia Market.—It is a matter of some surprise to strangers to see such a medley of merchandise and eatables exposed for sale in the market houses of this city. We must confess there is some room for wonderment; but we can assure them it materially promotes the comfort and convenience of housekeeping. A gentleman from South Carolina, whom we lately accompanied round the city in the absence of a better guide, requested us to make an inventory of the things found in High street market, and as nearly as we can, we here enumerate them, as they were exhibited on Saturday last, for the benefit of the learned in good things both at home and abroad:—Beef, butter, and black lead; wooden spoons, peaches, and brick-dust; cows' horns, hominy, and carpets; toys, cow hides, and tongues; pork, mushrooms, and hobby-horses; shoes, apple butter, and ground nuts; water melons, beer, and band boxes; Burton's imperial, canary birds, and sausages; veal, mutton, and coffee pots; pepper boxes, sugar tongs, and andirons; sugar dishes, shovels, and spades; herbs, combs, and tomatoes; ice cream, death bed confessions, and old sets of coffin handbills; babies, cradles, and milk; buttermilk, salts, and handsaws; razors, cantelopes, and setting hens; swords, dirks, and the life of Andrew Jackson; apple pies, cream tarts, and fiddle strings; rye-coffee, iron spoons, and the history of a hermit; the life of a patriot, miniature cannons, and the bust of Lafayette; an account of the yellow fever in '93, Don Quixotte, and the battle of New Orleans; baskets, tea cups, and suspenders; house sand, lard, and cream; the life of Washington, trumpets, and bouquets; young chickens, cauliflowers, and bellyguts; fish, ice, and tin kitchens; mutton pies, lobsters, and an account of a great explosion; the flowers of literature, flowers from a green-house, and pigs' feet; terrapins, calves' heads, and tom thumbs; whips, green corn, and English rabbits; cucumbers, cabbages, and a cure for the dyspepsia; patent yeast, hot corn, and smelling bottles; the life of John Bunyan, rakes, and crabs; curds and whey, ham, and stockings; rose bushes, scythes, and an account of Sinbad the Sailor; Pilgrim's Progress, tea kettles, and the life of Anne Royall; cream pots, peppermint drops, and elder blossoms; thyme, tea pots, and scandalous stories; bantam chickens, looking glasses, and ladies' curls; shaving boxes, soap, and sickles; wax, turnips, and potatoes; honey, cream cheeses, and the Murderer's Confession; corn meal, gingerbread, and eggs; blackberries, apricots, and jumbles; tin generals, wooden trumpets, and the life of Colonel Pluck; green peas, ocheres, and flower pots; children's carriages, wheelbarrows, and pickled oysters; pound cake, onions, and pipsissaway; curling tongs, and irons, and wall paper; rouge, hair powder, and whisks; pomatum, tooth brushes, and tea trays; wooden mortars, pepperpot, and apple sauce; porter, cider, and corned beef; lemonade, oranges, and treacle; pine apples, fighting cocks, and soft soap; sewing thread, watchmen's rattles, and suet; doughnuts, cider royal, and cinnamon candy; whistles, peacock's tails, and opossums; bachelor buttons, lady slippers, and larkspurs; prince's feathers, sassafras bark, and smoked beef; reed birds, wine glasses, and candle boxes; egg-cups, soup-ladles, and guinea hens; May apples, cheese curds, and herring; calves' feet, turkeys, and tumblers; pears, matches, and mouse traps; wooden forks, green grapes, and wash tubs; ducks, pigeons, and raisins; oyster plants, goose-yokes and life-everlasting; shoe strings, pitchers, and old hats; money jugs, lottery tickets, and pie dishes; cambric needles, curry combs, and spurs; butter pots, bread, and gloves; garden seed, country veal, and spectacles; salmon, catfish, and plumbs; egg plumbs, egg plants, English walnuts, and the Adventures of a Guinea; radishes, cabbages, and corkscrews; starch, ink, and snapping turtles; squabs, babies' moccasins, and simple tales; fan-tail pigeons, pocket books, and

oats; mineral beer, clams, and salt mackerel;—and so on to the Delaware. We remember a story of a gentleman who was near becoming an invalid from the horrid mixtures he daily made in his stomach: his servant, by advice of his physician, took duplicates of all his master ate, daily, and putting them into a stew-pan, heated them up, to show the compound to the patient, who was so sickened at the sight as to become a temperate eater. We recommend those of our readers, who are given to over-feeding, to try the same experiment.

It is a remarkable fact, and one which many persons of our acquaintance have not yet taken the pains to observe, that the Schuylkill water is now presented uniformly clear and pure. This effect has been produced by the completion of the large new basin at the Water-works, where the water is completely settled before it is passed into the last reservoir. The water, too, is cooler, than during any former season, which may be attributed to the great extent of iron pipes. Covers to the reservoirs appears to be all that is now required to make the system perfect: the supply is unlimited.

Do any of our readers remember the effect which was formerly produced on Sunday nights, by drawing off the water for washing day, for fear of a scarcity? It became a very common practice with prudent Washerwomen, and the consequence was, that the logs (we had but few pipes in these times) become emptied of water, and filled by air. After ten o'clock they began to be operated upon, by the force of the water thrown up by the steam engine, and the hydrants being closed, the air had to escape on the banks of the Schuylkill, and fighting every inch of its way with the water, produced a rumbling underground noise, really alarming to a stranger. There were some parts of the city truly annoyed with it, while the residents of other neighborhoods knew nothing of the matter. We remember to have been many times awakened by it, till custom had reconciled it. We have nothing to complain of now in the watering committee's arrangements, except the abominable nuisance of being compelled to walk up to No. 200 Cherry street, to pay five dollars a year, or be threatened to have "your pipe cut off." The old custom was to call, and ask civilly for the money; now, forsooth, you must wait upon the collector! We doubt whether any city in the union can boast of such a hardship.

Helps.—As an evidence of the correct march of intellect in this community, we have to notice that when those persons formerly called servants, but now very properly denominated "helps," are in want of a situation, (we meant to say when the situation wants them,) the order of inquiry is reversed from the old practice, and the "help" is very particular in procuring a good character of the lady and gentleman with whom she is so obliging as to reside. This, it will be perceived at once, is an important and valuable change, and fraught with good results. Ladies will in future learn to command their tempers, or they may 'help' themselves.

We may as well remark, that good places in Philadelphia are scarce at this time, the best having been all enquired up and secured.

Want of forethought.—The want of forethought in mankind is strikingly exemplified, on the occasion of the coming up of a storm of rain in a city. Last Sunday afternoon we had a threatening of a heavy thunder gust for an hour or two before it came, and yet hundreds of our citizens were caught in as plentiful a deluge as it is common to see. We remarked that till the very moment of the descent of the rain, many ladies, by their easy gait, gave indication that they feared not the coming event, and their hurry was now proportioned to their slowness. We suspect that many people might say, with aunt Dinah, when she was asked if she was *weatherwise*, that she was *otherwise*.

Noble Act.—An instance of courageous humanity occurred in the early part of the week, which deserves a silver medal. A cleverly grown boy fell off one of the wharves near the Navy Yard, and instantly sunk. He rose, however, in a few minutes, and was on the point of sinking for the last time, when Mr. B. Arney, of the house of Snowden and Arney, who witnessed his struggles, jumped in to

his rescue, and succeeded in bringing the exhausted sufferer to the shore. In a short time he was sufficiently recovered to look about him, when he observed his hat floating down the stream, a considerable distance off. Turning to Mr. Arney, he asked him if it would not be convenient to go after the hat too!!

The Philadelphia Gazette insists upon it, that all the eyes of the world are not turned upon "us of America." We have yet to learn what inference he designs to draw.

The same paper says, virtually, it would not give a ragged bank note for all the gold mines of Carolina! Wonder who would?

The cries and groans of the daily press for items of an interesting character during the past week or two, have been great, and serious efforts have been made to induce the newsmongers to believe that the Cherokees meditated war on their white neighbors. The report seems likely to end in smoke, when just as it was blowing off we have a half column article giving the particulars of three men having been killed in Missouri by the red men. If they could only have made it *three hundred*, we should have published it.

The city continues dull; very many of our citizens are out of town, and those who remain get through the day as well as they can.

Temperance Advocate.—Mr. Wm. F. Geddes, of this city, proposes to publish a cheap weekly paper under the above title.

"The School of Fashion," said to be written by an English Countess, is pronounced by the Editors of the Courier and Enquirer, to be no *School of Fashion*, and a downright *School of Nothing*.

Colonel Davie Crockett is fighting his way to popularity again in Tennessee.

We regret to state that accounts from Charleston induce us to believe that the yellow fever has made its appearance in that city.

The editor of the New York Commercial has grown facetious.

New York, it is officially stated, is in good bodily health.

Total number of deaths in this city during the fortnight ending 15th inst. 189—43 of which were by cholera-morbus.—The Pittsfield Sun says, a *typographical* error occurred in our last, says a worthy editor, which we very much regret. In the notice of the Address of George N. Briggs, Esq. on Intemperance, we stated that he was called a young apostle of *intemperance*—whereas we intended that it should read a young apostle of *temperance*. [The *inn* very frequently produces a change in temperance. People are unacquainted with the true meaning of *intemperance*—it means keeping sober in an *inn*.]—The Cleveland Herald advertised "several farms for a mere song." We are ready to take the whole lot. We will write a song as long as Schenectady turnpike, and sing it out ourselves, for even one of these farms.—Let any person who is a parent, bring the following story home, and see how they would like it. We find it in a Perth, Upper Canada paper.—*Raffling for Babies.*—We are informed that a house in Ramsay, where a woman was lately delivered of a child, a neighboring farmer's wife, who was lending her aid, was instantaneously taken in labor and was also delivered a few minutes afterwards. The children were both of the same sex; whether male or female we don't know. They were put together, and in the bustle of taking care of the women, the midwife forgot which child belonged to each mother. What was to be done in this perplexing dilemma? It was agreed between the parties, that each mother should take the child which fell to her by lot, and him or her bring up, rear, and educate, until some convincing family likeness appeared, by which they could arrive at a moral certainty of their parentage, and that an exchange should then take place, if the Delphic oracle of lot appeared to have been mendacious. If these babies were Irish ones, they might well call both their mothers rascals for exchanging them.—*Staple of Export.*—The N. Y. Journal of Commerce, speaking of the disposi-

tion of the people of Connecticut to emigration, says, men and women are her staple articles of export, and it becomes her to see to it that those she sends be always of the first quality.—*Anecdote.*—The Detroit Gazette relates that some time ago, a malicious white hunter shot an Indian, against whom he had some grudge, as he was climbing up a tree, and wounded him severely. The offender excused himself before justice by swearing that he thought it was a bear. The Indian, who talked good English, appeared thunderstruck, and replied, "If you say you thought it was a bear going up a tree with *red leggings on*, I am done!"—*Cucumbers.*—As an evidence of the unwholesomeness of cucumbers, a story is related of an ostrich exhibited in the eastern states, the keeper of which fed him on brickbats, glass, and other good things, but unluckily one day gave him a cucumber, and he died of indigestion in 24 hours after!—The Rutland Herald, in noticing correspondents, says, 'Virtue shall have place and precedence in our next.' So it is with the world—virtue has place and precedence—in the next. The same paper says, 'Plain truth came too late.' The plain truth never comes too late.—The Cincinnati Daily Advertiser expresses the opinion, from the various accounts which have been published of the favorable state of the crops, that there will be, at the lowest estimate one million more barrels of flour made in the U. States, the present year, than were ever made in one year before.—*Coincidences.*—The last Nathecz Gazette nominates R. H. Adams, of the county of Adams, and Cicero Jefferson, of the county of Jefferson, as candidates for the House of Representatives.—A Liverpool paper announces the arrival of Mr. Nasu, late Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. Before Mr. Rush returns from England his name will undergo so many mutations that he himself will hardly feel certain himself what it is. The English Imperial Calendar, for 1814 publishes, amongst the sovereigns of the world, Thomas Madison, as the Chief Ruler of the United States.—We re-publish the following in order to give place to a rejoinder of a young lady, who both *speaks* and *reflects* well.—In a party it was asked, why is a woman unlike a looking glass? it was answered, because the first speaks without reflecting, and the second reflects without speaking. [The writer of the foregoing libel ought to have a looking glass smashed on his occiput.]—Now for our fair correspondent's retort courteous. Why is a dandy like a looking glass? Because he represents anything of a woman but the qualities of her mind.—Rumor says that the *small pox* is spreading in Poulney, Vermont, to an extent really alarming. By a communication in the Spectator, it appears that some persons have been guilty of the flagrant conduct of exposing themselves to the contagion, and going into different parts of the town, stores, taverns, &c. The name of one person is given, who, on being remonstrated with for such conduct, in exposing the lives of the people, returned the most insolent abuse and bravo, and declared that he would go when and where he pleased, any body's displeasure to the contrary notwithstanding.

HALL OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, July 7th, 1829.—At an annual election held this day, the following gentlemen were chosen officers of the College:—Thomas Parke, M. D. President; Thomas C. James, M. D. Vice-President; Censors—Thos. T. Hewson, M. D., Joseph Parrish, M. D., John C. Otto, M. D., and Henry Neill, M. D.; Treasurer—J. Wilson Moore, M. D.; Secretary—Charles D. Meigs, M. D.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—We learn that seventeen new students have been added to the Collegiate department of the University at the recent examinations for admission, and that there is the prospect of an equal number of applicants at the examination to be held at the beginning of the ensuing term on the 15th of September. The number of the class which graduated at the recent commencement was eleven. The accession, therefore, has already more than equalled the loss.

SLATE.—We notice with gratification that the handsome block of buildings, consisting of fourteen commodious three story dwelling houses, erected in Coates' street, from Old York Road to Sixth street, by Stephen Girard, Esq. will be covered with slate instead of shingles. "Once well done," says the homely proverb, "is twice done."

THINGS IN GENERAL.

Whate'er men do, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

Dr. R. Coates, of this city, has been elected Professor of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, &c. in the College of Meadville, Crawford county.

The Arch Street Theatre, we understand, will open for the regular season, in the course of a few weeks, under the management of Mr. Phillips. We are informed the manager has made great efforts to collect a strong company, and has engaged several performers of reputation in various lines. The interior of the house has received additional embellishments, and much novelty is promised.—*Chron.*

The New York Herald says, "the fashionable world of Providence was very much excited on Sunday last, by the elopement, the night previous, of a gentleman and lady, the latter only seventeen years of age, and both members of two of the most respectable and influential families in that town."

The Editor of the Watertown, N. Y. Register, as an evidence that the times are improving, mentions the receipt at his office, of \$1 90 within the week—discount on Canada money to be deducted. A subscriber had also promised to pay.

A fellow in Michigan advertises anti-masonic cough drops! The Troy Budget thinks Southwick's Observer, after a few hours steeping, would form a decoction strong enough to cough a horse to death.

A contract has been made with Abbott Green, to raise the dam at Duncan's Island in the Susquehanna, by the first of September, so as to fill the levels of the canal to Middletown. An additional lock has been ordered about a mile below the island.

The steamboat North America left New York on Tuesday, for Albany, with nearly one thousand passengers.

The wharf, at the foot of Courtlandt street, North River, N. Y. occupied by the Hudson River Steam Boat Co. was on Tuesday leased at auction for three years, by Mr. R. R. Minton, at the annual rate of \$3,650. The same Company were the purchasers. The rent last year was \$950.

The making of oil from cotton seed is becoming an important business at the South. In Virginia a machine has been invented to hasten and assist the process of obtaining the oil. By a careful calculation it is estimated that there is annually sufficient surplus seed in the United States, to make as much oil as will, at 50 cents a gallon, come to \$6,400,000.

The house and lot, No. 49 Wall street, N. Y. recently occupied by the Pacific Insurance Company, was on Tuesday sold at public auction by James Bleecker, for thirty-eight thousand and one hundred dollars. The lot is 29 feet on Wall street, and runs to the line of Exchange Place, a distance of about 130 feet. The purchase was made by Joel Post, Esq.

The crops of grapes, and particularly the Isabella grapes, are said to be very fine in the gardens around Brooklyn, N. Y. The Star mentions that one vine in Poplar street, Brooklyn, entirely covers the end of a two story house, and that the fruit of the vine overshadows the windows of the end and front of the house.

W. Cammeyer, engraver, of Albany, has discovered, or invented a kind of Ink, of a quality which has long been desired, and the use of which on bank notes, will prevent the frauds so much practised, of extricating numbers and inserting others. Dr. L. B. Beek has made experiments of it, and he says that no chemical agent with which he is acquainted, will discharge the ink without destroying the texture of the paper. There can be no doubt that this ink will get into general use.

One James Read, of New York, has a machine in operation, which weaves eight different watch ribbons at the same time.

Among the recent donations to the Albany Institute, was a piece of fossil wood, found in a bed of potter's clay, 50 feet below the surface, on the farm of General Morgan, near Perth Amboy, in New Jersey.

David Hazard, Esq. has been nominated as the "American Republican" candidate for Governor of Delaware, by a convention, recently held in Dover.

On the 16th ult. in Vicksburg, Mi. a duel was fought on the Banks of the Mississippi, opposite this place, between Mr. R. J. Lyons, and Doctor Thomas J. Adams. They fought with rifles at ten paces; at the first fire both were severely wounded; and the parties left the ground satisfied with each other!

The town of Salford, [Eng.] which has a population of 82,000, has but one lawyer's office. There is, perhaps, no other civilized and christianized community, of equal population, which can boast but a single limb of the law.

A Salem writer says that every gentleman who sees a lady too tightly laced should inform her of it immediately. The Massachusetts Aurora says that every such lady should box every such gentleman's

cars. This is the way the Yankee editors talk about the ladies.

Lawyers Failing.—We learn from the papers that about half a dozen lawyers have failed in Philadelphia. This, so far from being an indication of "hard times," should be considered a proof that all other kinds of business are in a thriving condition.

A man advertises in the Zanesville Republican: "Temperance Seythes, warranted to cut without whiskey."

Advertisement extra.—From the Brownville Galaxy we take the following:

"Whereas Fanny Morton, alias Kerr, has, without cause, refused cohabitation, and is floating on the ocean of tyrannical extravagance, prone to prodigality, taking a wild-goose chase, and kindling her pipe with the coal of curiosity, to abscond and abolish such insidious, clandestine, noxious, pernicious, diabolical and notorious deportment, I therefore caution all persons from harboring or trusting her on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting from this date, unless compelled by law.

JAMES KERR."

The U. S. Gazette says that an anti-cockroach society is about to be started in New England: We expect shortly to establish an anti-permitting-the-flies-to-bite-you-before-you-are-out-of-bed-in-the-morning society.

A livery stable has been established in Boston, which refuses to let horses on the Sabbath.

A lady-correspondent of the New York American thinks that "of all the absurdities in dressing yet seen, none can equal the check shirts in which it is the pleasure of some gentlemen to conceal themselves."

No lady is allowed to carry more than seven handboxes—any having more *can't go*, cried a stage driver the other day, when receiving his female passengers.

Frenchmen are inveterate punsters. Some of the wags in addressing an Austrian, instead of saying "vous etes un Autrichien," delight in varying it into "vous etes un autre Chien," to the great offence of the addressee.

The Cincinnati Chronicle speaks of a balloting about to take place in the Museum, among the young men, to decide what young lady of that city should be selected as the model of a wax figure to be placed in the Museum!

In heaving the anchors of the Soberano, 74, at Havana, on the 5th ult. the capstan suddenly gave way, and killed from 10 to 14 men.

Chloride of Lime.—The Savannah board of health employ chloride of lime to purify places charged with foul air, or abounding with bad smells. The method adopted to correct the air in sinks is to dilute two pounds of the chemical with five gallons of water.

Several of the principal stage owners in New England contemplate running a line of stages daily between Baltimore and Washington. The horses will be of the best kind for that purpose, and the coaches in a superior New England style, so that a first rate line will accommodate passengers.

A late Winchester paper announces a marriage:—"Married, on — inst. Mr. John —, of —, to Miss Ann —, daughter of the late —, to be worth at least \$60,000." [We omit the surnames.] Lucky fellow! and so happy that he could not keep his good fortune to himself! If Jerry Diddler meets him with "have you ever a tenpence about you?"—what an astounding reply he can make—"Yes, I have eight hundred thousand tenpences!" By and by we shall have the length, breadth, and thickness of brides announced under the Hymenial Record, with a particular statement of their likes and dislikes, their preference of tea and coffee, toast to bread and butter, &c.

How to write an obituary.—We have just received an obituary notice, reading thus: Departed this life, Mr. Such-a-one, after a short but protracted illness!

The Baltimore American states, on the authority of a gentleman who resides in Baltimore county, that the crop, on many farms, amounts to double that of ordinary years.

It is not long since one of the petty African kings said he would send his son to England, that he might learn "to read book and be rogue."

So eager were the British reading public to possess themselves of the revised edition of Waverley, that three editions have already been sold out in London.

The Buffalo Journal states, that on the 5th inst. Elder Story, a preacher in the Methodist connexion, being on a visit to his friends in Erie, was requested to preach. Mr. Story attended, and on commencing his duties was interrupted by Israel G. Atkins, Isaac Denio, and Royal A. Strait, three of the trustees of the church, who forbid his preaching there, because he was a mason. The service could not proceed. The three trustees were subsequently called to answer for the offence to the

civil authorities, and were fined \$18, with costs, for disturbing the public worship.

The celebrated Dr. Hosack, of New-York, has relinquished his profession, and retired to his splendid seat in Dutchess county.

Col. Baldwin, of Albany, has lately deposited in the Albany Institute, the Log Book of Captain Stewart Dean, kept during three voyages from Albany to India. Until recently, Mr. D. was a citizen of Albany.

The Niagara Herald mentions that the celebrated American horse Rattler, whose extraordinary feats at several great trotting matches in England have been the theme of praise among the members of the sporting world, was raised at Stamford, in the Niagara District, by a Mr. Benjamin Middough, by whom he was sold to Dr. Lefferty, who subsequently transferred him to General Beach, of Rochester, N. Y.

The Washington Telegraph says: "We are authorised by the Post Master General to say that, upon satisfactory evidence being given to the Department, that any postmaster had so far deviated, as well from the strict line of duty as from his official instructions, as to stop or impede the circulation of any newspaper, whether it be for or against the administration, or had in his official transactions rendered facilities to one party, to the exclusion of another, such postmaster would instantly be removed from office, without regard to his political professions."

On Thursday week, a man with his family passed through Providence in a strange fashion. The man was harnessed to a handcart, containing their goods; two daughters, between 12 and 14 years old, assisted by ropes attached to the axle-tree; and the wife, followed by a little boy, pushed behind. They said they were from Boston for New-York. Some money was given them by those who felt a desire to help the poor man through the world.

A correspondent of the Boston Palladium states that only one of our men-of-war (the Constitution) has entered Boston harbor for seven years.

The editor of an anti-masonic paper in Boston owns a horse.

The Hartford Weekly Review is to be published twice a week. We hope the name will not be changed.

COMMUNICATION.

Mrs. Royall has occasioned some amusement to the public. It seems now to be well understood that she is partially insane; and we recommend to the knights of the quill to "let her be."

LETTER B.

FOR THE ARIEL.

AN ACROSTIC.

Joy's cloudless sun forever round thee shine,
As bright and glorious as the live-long day;
Nor grief nor sorrow, with a blight malign,
E'er cast a shadow o'er thy flowery way.

When storms assail thee, or when griefs oppress,
Or earthly friends be cold to thy distress—
O! may that Power whose goodness none can tell,
Defend from anguish her I love so well!
By Him protected, in this vale of tears,
Unknown to ill shall pass away thy years;
Rewards unthought-of may He give to thee,
No seraph brighter—no redeemed more free!

NON POETICUS.

Newville, Pa. Aug. 10th.

FOR THE ARIEL.

Mr. Editor: One evening, as I sat in my room, and at a late hour, with a few numbers of the ARIEL before me, I was sorely put to my wits to know how people could conjure up so much poetry. At length, after vainly musing on the knotty question, curiosity led me to try my own hand at writing verses; and as it is the first I ever undertook, I think it ought to be the last. But here it is—do what you please to it.

G. W. W.

Olean, July, 1829.

When troubles cross my weary mind,
When all but hope had fled,
I've sought for some one that was kind,
Some one to soothe my aching head;
But oft I sought, and ne'er could find
That eased my grief so well,
As one I call my right hand friend—
Your ever-welcome ARIEL.

Let all the drowsy world awake,
And grasp a cure so free to all;
For then no heart nor inward ache
Shall trouble us, from great to small.
Then who'll refuse with me to join,
To sing, to study, read, and spell,
Each knowledge-breathing, welcome line,
That sparkles in the ARIEL.

AGENTS FOR THE ARIEL.

M. M. Stoner, Waynesborough, Franklin co. Pa.

MARRIED.

At Nantucket, Mr. Swain, to Miss Joy. Of course, he is a "Joy-ful Swain."

At Plymouth, Mr. Cannon, to Miss Jackson. A former union of this kind has given us the blessings of a military President.

In Buffalo, Colonel G. Brown, to Miss Sally Law:

Connecticut, that land of blue laws,
May all be hunted up and down;

I guess you'll find but very few 'Laws'

That turn as they do here—to 'Brown'!

DIED.

On 11th inst. near Harrisburg, Pa. Jacob Bomberger, at the advanced age of 85. He was known as "Old Bomberger," and we believe made more noise in the world, by preaching, singing, and sounding his trumpet, for the last forty years, than any individual now living.

In Princeton, N.J. William B. Maclean, Esq. attorney at law, and son of the late Professor Maclean, of that place.

At Newburyport, Mass. on 1st inst. the Hon. Dudley A. Tyng, in his 69th year, father of the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, rector of St. Paul's Church, in this city.

At his farm, on Walnut Hills, near Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 23d ult. Peter Kemper, in his 57th year. He was an officer in the Revolution, and at the siege of York, where the contest was decided, he received a British grape-shot, the mark of which he carried to his grave.

In the Alms House, New-York, on 6th inst. Joseph Gabriel, about 85 years of age. He was a native of Poland—was engaged in many battles during the revolutionary war, and fought most courageously at the siege of Savannah, under Count Pulaski, where he received a severe wound on the forehead, which at times affected his mind. During the last war, when Baltimore was threatened by Gen. Ross, old Gabriel marched thither, volunteered his services in one of the forts, and was wounded in the leg. On his return, he took up his residence at his old place in the Alms House.

At Newark, N.J. on 9th inst. Mr. Patrick Curran, in his 24th year, recently from Brooklyn, N.Y. On the evening previous, in attempting to cover the large reservoir of hot soap, he slipped in, and was so badly scalded as to cause his death before noon of the day following.

At the house of his son, in Washington, Autauga co. Ala. on the 17th ult. the Rev. G. C. M'Whorter, in his 67th year. His youth was spent among the patriots of the Revolution, in the service of his country, and his manhood and old age in the service of the Church. He was formerly pastor of the large congregation at Salem, SC. and has been instrumental in establishing more churches than any other minister of the same sect, in the southern states. Besides his regular duties, he was the standing missionary to all destitute places for 100 miles around; and in the discharge of his duties, neither weather nor inconveniences prevented the fulfillment of his engagements at the hour appointed. His zeal in the same cause, in the neighborhood of his late residence in Alabama, has not been less distinguished.

In London, on 15th June, Mr. Thomas Wilson, an eminent merchant and banker, of the house of Thomas Wilson & Son.

At New-York, on the 4th inst., after a lingering illness, William Gordon, Esq. late U. S. Consular Commercial Agent at Aux Cayes, Hayti, aged 32 years.

At New York, on the 30th ult. Mr. Charles Gilfert, aged 42 years, late Manager of the Bowery Theatre. His death was singular and extraordinary. He died literally of madness, produced almost instantaneously, on hearing that Mr. Hackett had taken the Theatre with which he had been so closely connected from its foundation. The phrenzy came suddenly and terribly upon him, and continued without abatement until the morning when he dropped down dead. He neither ate nor slept, nor was he undressed, for six or seven days; but paced his room, watched and guarded by five or six men, to prevent violence upon himself. Mr. G. was an active man, of great musical science and taste, and a composer of no mean reputation.

In Warren, R. I. on the 30th ult. Mr. Nicholas Campbell, in his 97th year. He was born in the Island of Malta, but has been a citizen of Warren for the last 54 years. He came to this country previous to the American Revolution, and was one of the number who committed the first act of resistance, by the destruction of a cargo of tea in Boston harbor, and commenced that glorious struggle which terminated in our National Independence.

At Hartford, Conn. the Hon. Thomas Seymour, aged 94 years. He was for many years a distinguished member of the bar of that place; he was formerly a member of the Council of the state; and was the first mayor of Hartford, after its incorporation. He graduated at Yale College in 1755, and had been for some time past the oldest surviving graduate of that institution.

In Maryland, Elizabeth Ann, widow of Major Christian Dondorf, aged 97 years. It is supposed she has left 500 of her children's children. Two of her children, one 60 and the other 70 years old, attended her funeral, together with many of the sixth generation.

In Dummerston, Vt. on the 17th ult. of St. Vitus's Dance, Dorcas Sophia, only child of Mr. Zenas Willes, aged 11 years. So convulsed was she, that some of her joints were dislocated, three or four of her teeth gnashed out, and her tongue bitten, rendering her almost speechless—a spectacle painful to all who witnessed her, and afflictive to her fond parents beyond description. It is remarkable that the son of Mr. Willes, a promising youth, who died a few years since, was afflicted with the same disorder.

In London, Arabella Henrich. She occupied a small room in the house of a green grocer, who was generally induced by her to supply 2d. worth of meat from his family joint, upon which she dined. To her friends she always pleaded the most abject poverty, and frequently induced persons who called upon her to send out for coals and provisions, of which she appeared in absolute want. She seldom allowed her apartment to be cleansed, or even her bed to be made. At her death, money amounting to £5000 was discovered in a cellar and cupboard. A quantity of gold, in guineas and sovereigns, was found in several tea-kettles, and in the cupboard was an immense roll of bank-notes. Several other articles of value were discovered; and between the bed and sacking a will was found, by which the bulk of her property was bequeathed to persons living in London.

Oh, I ne'er shall Forget.

SUNG WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE, BY MISS ROCK.

Oh I ne'er shall forget the sad moment we parted, 'twas a moment o'erflowing with pleasure and pain, when you

kiss'd off the tear from my eyelids that started, and whisper'd the hope of our meeting a - gain. In vain I try'd my

pain to hide when from my arms you burst a - way; At ho - nor's call far far from all whose

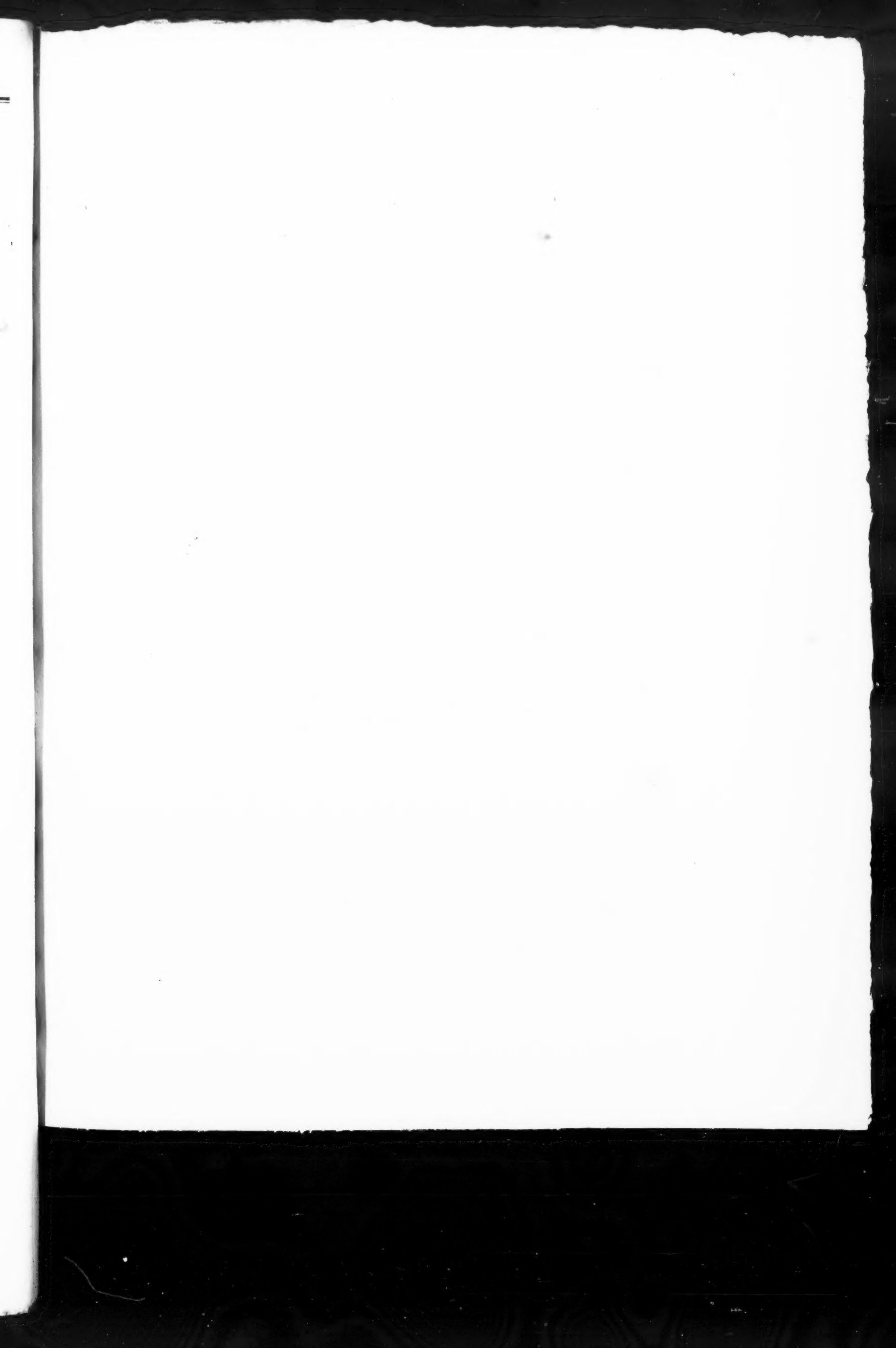
smile of love oft cheered your way.

ad lib.

lento

How often I've watched the pale moon beams when stealing
Along the dark wave of a far distant sea;
Oh, it waken'd my heart with the tenderest feeling,
To think that those moon beams were shining on me.

And then my heart would anxious start,
As fancy drew the swelling sail,
Which bore me to sweet love and you
Within your native woodland vale.





THESE VOLUMES ARE NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF

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